

## A BROKEN PITCHER.

I had been home from Oxford for a couple of months, and as the end of my vacation was drawing nigh, one day my brother Arthur and I were sauntering through a lonely vale.

Suddenly my attention was arrested by Arthur, exclaiming: "I say, Tom, look!" pointing to a female figure leaning against an old stile in an attitude of the utmost dejection. "What a beautiful face that girl has!"

And obscured though she was by the dire poverty which was evidenced by her dress, she was beautiful to behold as she stood gazing down, with an expression of terror in her eyes, upon some fragments of broken earthenware at her feet.

I could not resist the temptation to speak, so going up to her side, I said kindly—"My child, you seem in trouble. Can't I help you?"

The child uplifted her eyes a moment to my face with a strange look, in which distrust seemed to be the uppermost feeling. Then, appearing to gain confidence from what she discerned in my features, she said: "I have broken the pitcher and aunt will beat me for it. Oh, I am afraid to go home."

"Where is your home?" I asked, "and what is your name?"

Her old expression of mistrust returned as she moved away a few steps from my side.

"What do you want to know for?" she asked, brusquely.

It was evident that kindness was a thing unknown to the poor, neglected-looking child.

"I want to know simply because I feel a friendly interest in you. Here," I continued, drawing from my pocket a golden coin, "is money to buy another pitcher. Your aunt need not know of the breaking of this one, and you will escape your dreadful punishment. Now, do you believe that I meant only kindly to you?"

The dark eyes dilated; then they softened with a sudden film of tears, as grasping my hand, she exclaimed, in eager, childish tones:

"Oh, sir, I thank you. Now, I need not be afraid to go home. I am so sorry I was so rude, but it is seldom that any but rough words come to me. I will tell you my name: It is Annie, and I am old Hester's niece."

As I listened to her words my heart filled with pity, for I had heard dreadful stories of the kind of life the old woman she called aunt led, and I wondered no longer at the manner of suspicious reserve which had struck me so strange in one of her youth.

The next day I bade good-bye for another year to my home.

Amid the duties and distractions of college life, the above episode slipped from my mind, to be recalled once more on perusing a letter from my brother:

"You remember the little girl with the beautiful face you befriended when she broke her pitcher?" he wrote. "Well, she and that dreadful old woman Hester have left the place, and no one knows why or where they have gone. I fear that poor child has a sad future before her."

Ten years passed since the date of the above—years which had wrought many changes. In them my father had died, and later, my brother Arthur, grown to man's estate, had brought to the old house a bonny bride. Then, in the course of a year later, a little stranger had arrived, who grew and thrived, and in due time learned to stretch out his arms to welcome to his bachelor uncle.

My friends often laughed and joked me about following my younger brother's example and choosing a wife. But though thirty years had rolled over my head, I had never felt my heart pulses throbb the quicker in the presence of any woman. But this summer of which I am now about to write, I could make that boast no longer. Early in the season Arthur, his wife, their three-year-old son and myself, had come to a retired nook by the seaside to spend the summer months. There were only a few people staying in the small hotel besides ourselves.

Two of the number, an elderly, gray-haired lady, and her beautiful companion, whom I supposed was her daughter, interested me at first sight. Their names were Mrs. and Miss Carter. But though whenever we met I exerted myself as I never had done before to be entertaining, I did not seem to be making much headway toward an acquaintance with the young lady, whose charms of face and manners had so strongly attracted me.

I suppose I might as well make a clean breast of it, and confess at once to my reader that the heart which I had deemed so impregnable had succumbed at last. At length, chance placed in my way an opportunity to draw nearer to the object of my fancy. It happened in this wise: My brother and I started off one morning to attend to some business matters in the neighboring town. We reached home earlier than we expected, and before returning to the hotel, we decided to while away an hour by a stroll upon the beach.

As we approached the bathing houses, we were surprised to see a large throng of people gathered together and conversing excitedly. As we came up, the crowd parted, and all at once, with a

cruel suddenness, Arthur learned that while he had been loitering only a short distance away, those nearest and dearest to him had been in deadly peril.

While bathing in feigned security, bearing her laughing boy in her arms, his wife had been caught by the treacherous undercurrent, and carried in an instant beyond her depth, and out of the reach of her companions, who could none of them swim.

No man had been in sight at the time, and had it not been for a young girl who had been watching the bathers from her seat upon the rocks, all hope of rescue had been futile. Encumbered as she had been by her clothing, regardless of all peril to herself, Miss Carter had courageously breast the billows, and had succeeded in reaching the spot where the mother and child had sunk. When they arose to the surface her brave young arms had been ready, and with almost superhuman exertion the girl had been able to keep herself and them up, until help had arrived.

If I had loved Rose Carter before I worshipped her now, as I clasped my little nephew and namesake in my arms, and heard my brother, in tones tremulous with repressed feeling, express his thanks to her, but for whose noble courage, he would have been a wifeless, childless man.

After that the veil of reserve was lifted between Miss Carter and myself, and before long we grew to be very good friends.

But the summer days, which had been so full of pleasure to me, were fast drawing to their close, and as yet I had not dared to speak plainly of what was in my heart.

With my love had grown up a feeling of dissatisfaction with myself. I had never done a deed of heroism—nothing which could lift me above or make me better than my fellows; and what was I that I should aspire to the affections of one so pure and noble as she?

One afternoon as I walked on the sands, thinking some such thoughts, a rustle of drapery caused me to look up. There beside me was the sweet face of Rose Carter.

My eyes must have expressed the fervency of my admiration, for hers dropped beneath their gaze. We talked for a while upon casual subjects; then she told me something that caused my heart to sink with dismay.

In a few days her mother and herself were to leave for home.

As she spoke, a sudden determination sprang into existence within my mind. Now was my time. Then and there I would learn my fate. I began faltering; but as she neither drew away from nor rebuked me, gaining courage, I went more boldly, until at length I had told her all—that my life's happiness was in her hands to make or mar.

When I had finished, she raised her eyes to my face.

"Do you know who it is to whom you are speaking thus?" she asked, almost in a whisper, her voice trembling with some unexpressed emotion. "Have you no recollection of ever meeting me before?"

As I gazed upon the beautiful features a vague remembrance stirred within me, and I knew then that somewhere in the past those dark lustrous eyes had been lifted to my face as they are now.

She raised one tiny wrist, about which gleamed a jeweled circlet. From it depended a golden coin.

"Years ago," she said in her low soft voice, "this was bestowed, together with the better gift of kind words, upon a poor child. Instead of expending it as directed, she suffered the punishment which she had dreaded from her cruel aunt's hands, and kept the golden coin. That ignorant uncared-for child Mr. Aubrey, although it may seem almost incredible, and Rose Carter, are one and the same. A kind lady who was alone in the world, saw and pitied my neglected condition, and upon my aunt's death took me and educated and brought me up as her own. That golden talisman has never left me, nor will it till I die. You say that you do not deem yourself worthy to ask my love. Know, then, that unsought, it has been yours all these years. As a child I loved and treasured your image; as a woman—"

She paused, and a charming color suffused her pure face.

"Oh, Rose!" I exclaimed, as I clasped the sweet speaker to my heart, "how little I thought that a simple act of kindness would be so royally requited in the future."

As we walked back together beside the silver crested waves, my heart within me sang a paean of joy, for I felt in winning the love of my noble Rose I have gained that which would make my whole future existence one long realm of brightest sunshine.

## OF THE OLDEN TIME.

A New Orleans Lady Whose Life is Almost Historic, and Her Recollections Like a Dream.

One day, in the latter part of the 18th century, a number of young men were playing dice in a fashionable gambling saloon in the Island of San Domingo. Near a table at which two youthful players were engaged stood an elderly handsome man of proud and distinguished bearing—a marquis of France.

At a certain stage of the game a dispute arose between the dice, and the

point in controversy was referred to the gentleman standing by for arbitration. His decision enraged one of the players; hot words ensued, and the gambler struck the noble in the face. The Marquis said, sternly: "Only blood can efface the stain of this insult." The young man, repenting his folly, was profuse in apologies, but the Marquis remained obdurate, and replied: "We shall send for two pistols; one shall be loaded, the other empty. We, blindfolded, shall choose our weapons and fire."

The pistols were sent for, the fateful choice made, and the loaded weapon fell to the lot of the noble. That day the lifeless body of the young gambler was borne from the gambler's table. Such was the Chevalier de Sevre, a Marquis of France, one of the richest nobles in the Island of San Domingo—a man of determined courage and as proud as a Hidalgo of Spain.

In those terrible days of the massacre the Chevalier fell under the knife of the infuriated blacks. The Marquis escaped in disguise with her daughter, a child, and found a refuge in the city of Philadelphia, where she subsequently married Mr. de Breuil, a rich merchant of that city.

There M'delle de Sevre grew up a lovely young girl, accomplished, and possessed of all the graces which adorn womanhood. At that time there were many French officers in America. One of them, Col. David, became enamored of the beautiful young creole, married her, and took her to France, where he introduced her at the Court of Josephine. Of this union were born two daughters, Cecelia Agnes Gertrude David and Marie Pauline. The first was born at Tours in 1804, and christened in the great cathedral of that city. Her godfather was the Baron de Vauban, and her godmother the Countess de St. Leon.

Gen. David served in the Italian campaign under Napoleon as an adjutant commandant. When the First Consul became Emperor he was made a General. He was a favorite of the mighty Corsican, who, during the Egyptian campaign, presented him with a magnificent sword. He was decorated with the cross of St. Louis and the Legion of Honor, and was a high Mason of the Age d'Or of France.

After his death, which occurred in 1816, at Bordeaux, M'delle David returned to Philadelphia with her mother and sister. In course of time, Miss David also married a wealthy American and came South. She resided at various times in Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana.

A few days ago the writer had the pleasure of visiting this lady on Jackson street, in New Orleans. Though 76 years of age, she looks scarcely 60, and retains still the traces of that beauty, which attracted the admiration of all who beheld her in her youth. She preserves the graceful courtesy and refinement of manner, which come of good breeding, and, when speaking of the reminiscences of her eventful past, her conversation is vivacious and exceedingly entertaining.

When asked to describe some of the scenes she had witnessed, the lady said:

"Yes, I saw Napoleon I. once, I went with my father, Gen. David, to the Tuileries, and he pointed out to me the Emperor walking in the garden. I was quite a child then. My father told me to look at the great man, and to cry 'Vive l'Empereur!' When I did so, he slapped me and said, 'I am not mad with you, but I wish this to make an impression on you.'"

"On another occasion, when I was going to Versailles, I saw Louis XVIII. I was in a nunnery at Versailles, and afterwards went to live at Bordeaux. There I saw the daughter of Marie Antoinette, the Duchess of Angoulme, who had just returned to France. All I can remember of this scene is that there was a great crowd, and that the horses were taken from the carriage, which was pulled by men. The reins were ribbons, which were held by young ladies, who were covered with fleurs de lys.

"Gen. David was a commandant of the city of Bordeaux for some time, and died there in 1816. His widow and daughters then returned to Philadelphia.

"One day, when I was a girl of 15, a beautiful lady came in a carriage to visit my grandmother, Madame de Breuil, who recognized the visitor, whom she had not seen for years. It was Madame Jerome Bonaparte. The Marquis said: 'I hear that you are married to an Italian prince.' 'No,' she replied, haughtily, 'I am Madame Bonaparte, and I will die Madame Bonaparte. The woman married to my husband is not his wife. I am.'"

"I saw Joseph Bonaparte many times; he often came to visit the Marquis. I have often heard my grandmother say he was one of the most unassuming men she ever met, and Jerome was just like a boy. It was difficult for him to become dignified, when occasion demanded."

Pointing to an ancient looking painting which hung on the wall, she continued: "That picture represents Gen. David after the battle of Leipzig. He had saved the castle of the Prince of Wurtemberg from ravage, and the Prince, as a token of gratitude, caused this painting to be executed by his own portrait painter."

The picture is a fine work of art. In the foreground is a figure of a tall, handsome man in military uniform, with one

arm resting on the back of his charger. Close at hand are seen the high walls of the castle, and in the distance bodies of troops marching across the field.

The sister of this lady was one of the most respected residents of Mobile, where she died recently at the age of 72 years. She was the wife of the noted lawyer, Mr. George N. Stewart.

The subject of this sketch has several descendants in this city, among them several gentlemen who were gallant soldiers in the civil war. In such bellum days she was quite wealthy, but, like thousands of others, she lost her fortune through the changes brought about by the defeat of the South.

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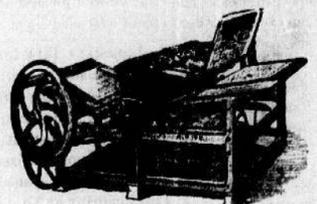
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